Every Piece Contains A Little Bit Of Violence by BadHidingSpot

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Summary:

”You look frustrated, Harrington,” Billy teases. He blows smoke out through his nostrils and swings one leg lazily off the table. With the other he props his foot up on the edge of Steve’s chair in between his legs. “Need a release?”
”What I need is to finish this paper.”
”Do it later. I need something right now.”
”What? What do you want?”
”I’m looking for a little bit of violence.” His eyes are dancing like they did cutting up spiders with his fire axe.

Sequel to "Let's Go To The Mall Everybody"

Every Piece Contains A Little Bit Of Violence

Author's Note:

> Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck I swore I wasn't going to write another fic so soon and I swore I wasn't going to write a sequel to this but goddamn it if I didn't come up with this instead of like, actually working on stuff I seriously need to finish. I have a problem (or a solution?) and it's SO MUCH Harringrove.
> Sequel to "Let's Go To The Mall Everybody"

Steve has discovered that Billy Hargrove can be pretty obsessive about things. Nothing makes this clearer than the week after they blow up the Starcourt mall when Steve in in the library *trying* to write his final paper for history and he's interrupted by a rattle on the knob of his study room door.

The rooms at the Hawkins Library are sound proof and provide a lot of privacy. Which is exactly what Steve is looking for to write his paper. It's not what he gets, however, because Billy Hargrove is obsessed with the Upside Down, the weirdness that is Hawkins Indiana, and Steve Harrington, whether he meant to or not, gave birth to that obsession.

Honestly, Steve shouldn't be surprised that even though he locked the study room door, Billy picked it and came in anyway. Steve is torn between glaring at Billy in annoyance and trying not to look at him at all.

"Hiding from me?" Billy asks closing the door and locking it again. Steve looks back at his paper and scribbles a note down.

"Something I can do for you, Hargrove?" Steve asks. Billy pulls a chair out and stands on it. Steve isn't sure what he's doing until he hears the battery pop out of the smoke alarm. "What are you doing?"

"Wouldn't want you to lose concentration with the noise," Billy replies, coming down from the chair and taking out a cigarette. He's

wearing a white shirt today, as usual unbuttoned to his crotch, and through it Steve can see the bandages from Billy's burn mark.

"How considerate."

Billy comes to sit on top of the table next to Steve; he shoves the books out of the way and Steve huffs. He looks at Billy with a glare.

"You look frustrated, Harrington," Billy teases. He blows smoke out through his nostrils and swings one leg lazily off the table. With the other he props his foot up on the edge of Steve's chair in between his legs. "Need a release?"

"What I need is to finish this paper."

"Do it later. I need something right now."

"What? What do you want?"

"I'm looking for a little bit of violence." His eyes are dancing like they did cutting up spiders with his fire axe.

"Finals are coming in two weeks. I have two more papers after this one."

Billy makes a disinterested noise and snatches up the notebook Steve has been working in. He flips through it idly and Steve sighs leaning back in his chair and just waiting for Billy to hand it back. The room is filling with smoke and it burns his eyes a little. Steve remembers that there's no fire extinguisher in here so if Billy isn't careful, which Billy never is, they could go up in flames.

"This is for history?" Steve nods. Billy looks at him quirking up an eyebrow. "Weren't you working on this paper last week?"

"Yeah," Steve, a little insulted now, snatches the notebook from Billy, or he tries to. Billy keeps it out of his reach. "I'm still working on it. Can't find anything in these damn books to help."

"What's it on?"

"The Sixteen Chapels," Steve stands up now to grab at the notebook

but then feels a THUD onto his chest. It's Billy's boot kicking him back into his seat.

"The *what*?"

"The paper is supposed to be on famous buildings and how they influenced history or something and I can't find anything about The Sixteen Chapels."

Billy cackles.

Steve glares.

"It's not easy okay?"

"Of course it's not," Billy tosses the notebook back to Steve, still laughing, "because it's called 'The Sistine Chapel'."

"What?"

"Have you seriously just been looking for something called The Sixteen Chapels this entire time? Why didn't the librarian correct you?"

Steve is red with embarrassment. "What's that even mean anyway? 'Sistine'."

"It's got something to do with this old pope. Good thing you've got your looks, Harrington." He done with the cigarette and he puts it out on the table like he has no respect for public property. Which, yeah, he doesn't. Steve is only relieved from smoke for a second before Billy lights another one. "I thought you might be in here researching something more fun."

"More fun than this?" Steve grumbles flipping through some of the books he'd put aside and now looking for the "Sistine Chapel". He finds material on it almost immediately and tries not to look up at Billy's smug smirk.

"Come on, princess," Billy *whines* and this does make Steve look up at him just because he's desperately curious to see what Billy looks like whining. He doesn't get to. Billy is already grinning wolfishly again,

tongue licking his lower lip as smoke spills out and Steve is flush remembering that hard kiss in the mall. “Let’s do something fun. Surely there’s some monster out there to kill? Something lurking around preying on the good hicks of Hawkins?”

”If there were you would need to ask Nancy. Or Dustin maybe. Those guys are always more in the middle of things than me.” Steve looks away from Billy’s lips pointedly focusing on his book.

”I don’t *want* to fight monsters with them,” Billy’s foot presses on the chair and it leans Steve back. He thinks he’s going to fall, flails a bit, drops the book, but the back of the chair comes to a hard halt on the wall. “Look at me,” Billy commands. Steve is suspended there, chair leaning back, and Billy’s foot pressing it. Steve, with nothing else to do in this position, looks at Billy. “I want to fight monsters with *you*.”

”Well I don’t have any monsters except the C+ I need to make on this paper.”

”C+? Is that all?”

Steve bites down on a snarl. “Don’t you have your own finals to prepare for?”

Billy sucks in a deep inhale on the cigarette and then blows the smoke out into Steve’s face. “Finished,” He answers simply. “Bored now. Come on. Let’s go out into the woods or something. See if there’s any of those Gorgon things running around.”

”Demogorgon,” Steve corrects and he feels so dumb standing up for the name a bunch of dorks gave the monster.

”Whatever,” Billy groans. “I’m bored. I haven’t seen any action since the mall and I’m all antsy. You got my blood boiling with this shit, Stevie. Help a friend out.”

”Are we friends?” Steve leans forward to grab another book off the table tired of just being held there in suspension with nothing to do but indulge the smokey tantrum of Billy.

Billy grabs Steve by the wrist, the one that’s bandaged and looks at it like he’s discovered some new species.

”Does it hurt?” He asks with amusement.

”It did at first. But it’s basically healed now.”

”When do you take the bandages off?”

Steve shrugs. “I’ll change them again tonight. Probably won’t need them after Saturday.” At this proximity he can see Billy’s own bandages peeking out through his shirt. “How’s yours?”

Billy seems confused at first and then glances at his shoulder. He smiles and finally lets go of Steve’s arm. Instead of continuing for his grab at another book, Steve just leans back in the chair again. He rubs at his wrist, not because it hurts, but because it’s too warm where Billy touched it. “I’ve been changing the bandages everyday. Like you said. Still kind of sore.”

Steve winces because he feels terrible that Billy was hurt. Billy doesn’t seem to regret it one bit. “Can I see it? Make sure it’s not infected.”

”You want me out of my shirt?” Billy teases.

Steve rolls his eyes. “As if you leave anything to the imagination,” he snarks gesturing at Billy’s perpetually unbuttoned shirt.

Billy laughs and nods to Steve’s hand. “I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

Steve’s brow furrows. “You…want to see my bite mark?”

”Technically it’s *my* bite mark.”

”What for?”

Billy shrugs and it’s the rest of his cigarette before Steve realizes that’s the only answer he’ll be getting. Steve sighs and with ease starts to unwrap his hand. Billy stops him, grabbing the wrist again. He puts the cigarette out but doesn’t light another one. Instead his busy hands start to unwrap the bandage himself. He even brings pressure off of Steve’s chair so it can lean forward and settle on the ground.

Steve's heartbeat is pounding in his ears and his jeans because this brings them so close together. If Billy were still smoking he'd be breathing it in and coughing on it.

Billy lets the dressings fall and he lifts Steve's hand up closer to his face, to the light, so he can really see it. Billy bites down on his bottom lip and smiles and Steve wonders if he even realizes he's doing that.

"Got you good, didn't I? Think it'll scar?"

Steve shrugs. "Don't know. Never had anyone break the skin before."

"I'm your first? Shit, baby, you should have told me. I'd have gotten you flowers."

Steve pulls his hand away because he doesn't (or at least he's kinda sure he doesn't) like being called "baby" and he wants to take Billy's toy away.

Suddenly Billy is taking his coat off and then is unbuttoning the only two done buttons on his shirt and Steve is confused.

Then Billy displays his shoulder for Steve and slowly peels the bandage off. Steve is mesmerized for a moment, watching the gross skin beneath be revealed bit by bit. When he looks at Billy it's to see that he's been watching Steve's face with another biting grin.

Steve clears his throat and looks back at the scabbing injury. "Looks healthy. Like you've really been cleaning it."

"It's in an easy place to reach," Billy sighs looking at the shoulder. "I've had shit before that was impossible to get ointment on. I'd have to bend in all kinds of weird angles to get at it."

Steve is already reaching his hand up to it before he realizes how weird that is and he stops. He coughs. "Can I touch it?"

"It's *your* burn, Harrington."

Steve doesn't like the sound of that. Or rather he does like the sound of that but he doesn't like that he likes the sound of it. He moves two

fingers over the burn softly and gets hard in his jeans thinking about how it got there. Hargrove grinding up into him, biting down, their hips locked together and the smell of something burning all around them.

It smells a little like that now. Here in the study room with Billy's tobacco smoke swimming over them.

Without him realizing it, Billy has leaned over to Steve's ear and he whispers with hot breath into it, "Are you thinking about it, baby?"

Steve bites down on a shutter that he refuses to let his body make.

Billy doesn't let this discourage him. Billy doesn't let *anything* discourage him. He moves fluid and easy, like how the smoke moves through the room, and straddles Steve's lap coming down to sit against him.

Billy hums, still into Steve's ear, and Steve knows now that Billy knows he's hard. "I'm still bored, Harrington. There must be *something* I can do with all this raw energy."

"I told you," Steve whispers and wonders why the fuck he's whispering right now because it only serves to make this strange moment more intimate, "it's not like a switch. Things come out or they don't. We never know what's going to happen with The Upside Down."

"But I need something," Billy rolls his hips against Steve and with a mix of terror and pride he realizes he's not the only one with a boner. At least, Steve thinks, he's still go his shirt on. All things considered Billy is a little more vulnerable in this position than Steve is. But if that's the case, why are Steve's hand trembling with fight or flight response?

"I don't h-have anything for you to fight, Billy," Steve swallows and then, because he has to do *something* to steady his shaking hands, he settles them on Billy's hips. Billy rolls his hips again, as if this is a reward to Steve. Steve's done something *good*.

"Yeah? I noticed that you're not fighting at all." Billy's such a fucking

smug tease. There's that tongue again, between his sharp, white teeth, and Steve remembers the strange shade they were stained with his blood.

"I have to-" Steve swallows, "I have to write this paper."

"Hm," Billy chuckles, "No. Not right now." He leans down and slides his tongue over Steve's bottom lip. Steve brings his teeth down, trying to bite at that dastardly constantly teasing tongue and Billy pulls away just in time, snickering. "There it is," Billy moans leaning down to suck on Steve's throat. "There's the violence."

Steve's eyes flutter closed and he relaxes letting Billy do what he wants.